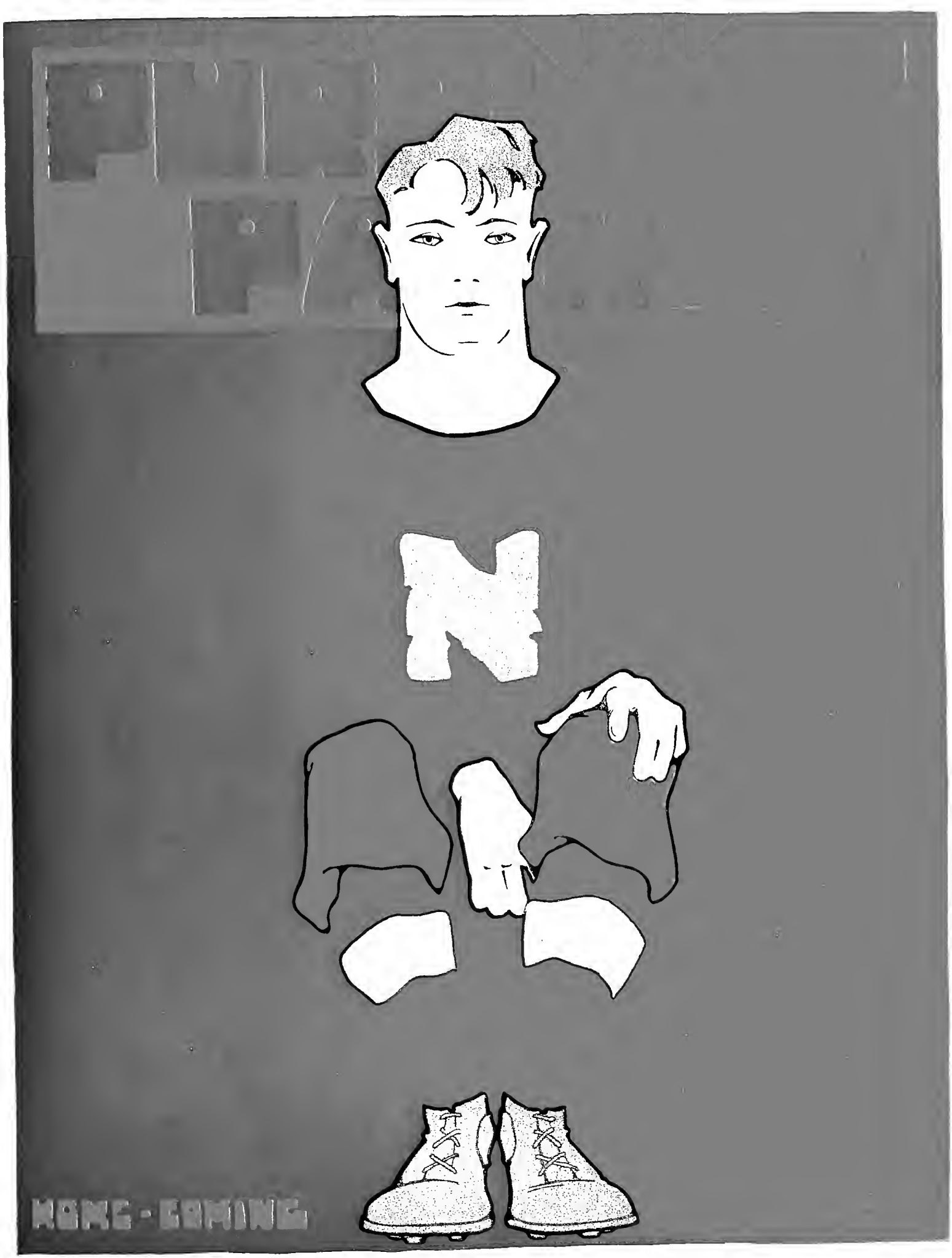
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HOME-COMING

Lytton College Shop

Displaying the New 3 and 4 Button and Norfolk Styles for College Men

Here more emphasis is placed upon finding out what you want than upon merely showing what we have. Exclusive shops are plenty, but none other than this wherein the buying power of a large store is reflected in the moderate cost of your style preference. Suits and Overcoats selected by College Men for College Men—attractive values at

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Childs & Raeder

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Bowman's milk brings the ruddy glow of perfect health to your cheeks.

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Bottled in the Country

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means as much to us as it does to the homecomers, for it means that we get a chance to welcome you "Old Grads" again with the same old school spirit. Meet your old classmates at

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Have them taken early and get better service

JOSEPH D. TOLOFF

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"WORD MONGERS" *and* "CHATTERING BARBERS"

"Word mongers" and "chattering barbers," Gilbert called those of his predecessors who asserted that a wound made by a magnetized needle was painless, that a magnet will attract silver, that the diamond will draw iron, that the magnet thirsts and dies in the absence of iron, that a magnet, pulverized and taken with sweetened water, will cure headaches and prevent fat.

Before Gilbert died in 1603, he had done much to explain magnetism and electricity through experiment. He found that by hammering iron held in a magnetic meridian it can be magnetized. He discovered that the compass needle is controlled by the earth's magnetism and that one magnet can remagnetize another that has lost its power. He noted the common electrical attraction of rubbed bodies, among them diamonds, as well as glass, crystals, and stones, and was the first to study electricity as a distinct force.

"Not in books, but in things themselves, look for knowledge," he shouted. This man helped to revolutionize methods of thinking—helped to make electricity what it has become. His fellow men were little concerned with him and his experiments. "Will Queen Elizabeth marry—and whom?" they were asking.

Elizabeth's flirtations mean little to us. Gilbert's method means much. It is the method that has made modern electricity what it has become, the method which enabled the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to discover new electrical principles now applied in transmitting power for hundreds of miles, in lighting homes electrically, in aiding physicians with the X-rays, in freeing civilization from drudgery.

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or Blouse
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LIBRARY PLAZA HOTEL

1633-39 Orrington Avenue EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

Phone Evanston 8000

Welcome, Alumni!

"I heard you had an automobile accident."

"Yes, I saw a bridge in the road and turned out for it."

PARABLE

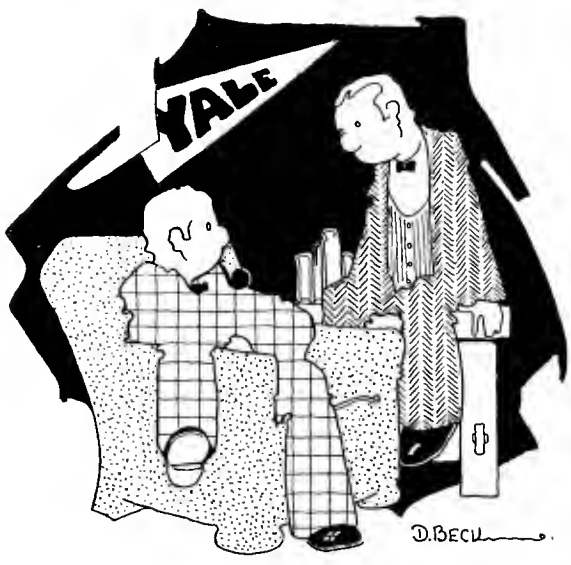
Now in that Country they Celebrated a Certain Feast called Home-coming and Those Who had Gone Out Thence in times Past came Back to See if all was As they Had left It. The Bands called Fraternities Spiffed Up their Abodes in Order to Make a Good Impression On the Returning Natives called Old Grads, and the Verdent frosh prepared Long and Zelously to Make a Good Impression on the Sophs.

These Old Grads were Feated and Fed and Great was The Feeding Thereof. They Took in the Mammoth Parade and The Pipe Dreams and Nightmares called Floats. They Watched The contesting Elevens Biff each other On the Snoot and Howled to The Exhortation of The Sweating Cheerleader. They considered the Spectacle of The Frosh and Sophs Caressing each other On the Field. They were Hurried Hither and Yon to See This and That and when They were Hither seeing That they Would Be Pestered to go Yon to see This and When they Were Yon They would Wish to go Hither. The spirits of Some of them Were high For Some Were tall and Their Hip Pockets Far from the Ground.

They were Introduced To that Most Baffling product of Modern Cosmetics and Dressmakers, The Modern Coed, and Marvelled That She Was what She Was, and Not what she Used to Be When Mother Went To College.

They Communed With the Studes and Tried To Understand the Language Of the Time for It had Changed Grievously since they Confabbed on the Campus. They sampled the One Elevens and Ships of the Desert that The Frats had Out on Plates and Wondered at the Hardihood of the Brothers. They considered the Cake-eater and asked what It was Kept For and Did it Like Roses.

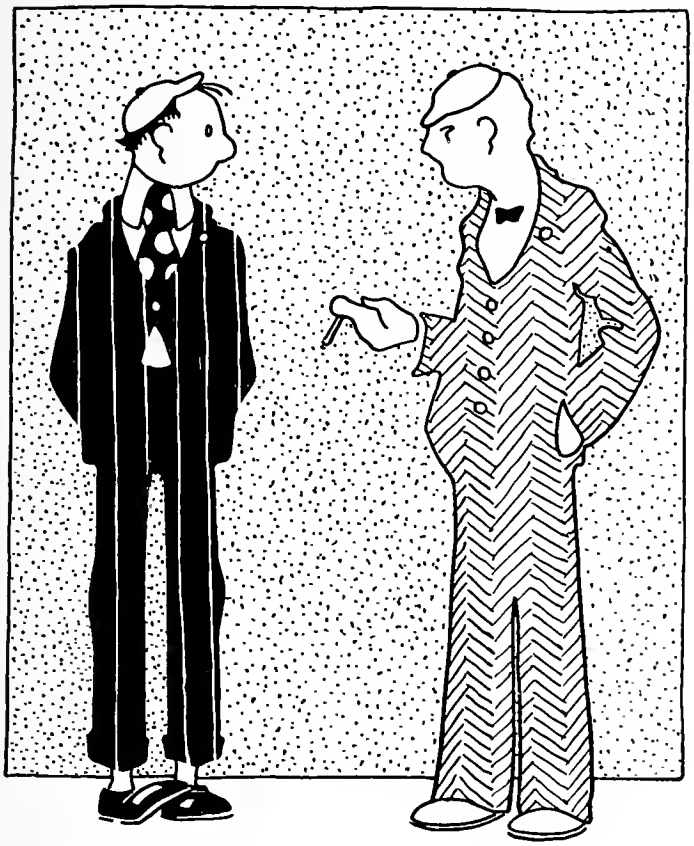
Finally, when that the Shades of Evening had fallen and the Home-Coming Bigfeed had came to pass, the Alumni departed and said that they Old Grads turn thusward when that the Football would come Again. Verily I say unto You that so long as Lake Michigan lappeth the campus, and Railroad Fares go not higher Up, so long will Team and the Greenlidded Ones do battle in their Respective Tourneys. —C. V. K.



Egg: "Where did Noah live?"

Egbert: "He was one of the floating population, I think."

WITH APOLOGIES TO GOLDBERG



I

Angus McGook, a cocky young "cake,"
Came to our school dressed up like a "snake,"—
His hat on one eye, a top-coat of tweed,
And everything on him smelling of "speed."
While Andy McPlow, another young "Frosh,"
Came smelling of hayseed and milk-pails, b'gosh.
His pants were all baggy, his coat was too tight,
And when the guys "lamped" him they near died
of fright.

II

A year has gone by and now we will find
Angus in shirts of the checkerboard kind.
He wears a hat that he found in an alley,
And looks for the world like a lumber-jack's valet;
While Andy, all dressed in his new winter coat,
Teases the ladies and sure gets their "goat."
A cigarette case and a frat-pin he carries,
And the coeds all think that he is the "berries."

—D. B.

POOR RICHARD REVISED

Heraminer: "I see by the paper where a man got up early and found a purse."

Trib: "The man who lost it was up earlier."

OR A GRAVE

His Friend: "Bob's industrious—throws himself into every job he undertakes."

His Rival: "I wish he'd dig a well."

EATING CEREALLY, SO TO SPEAK

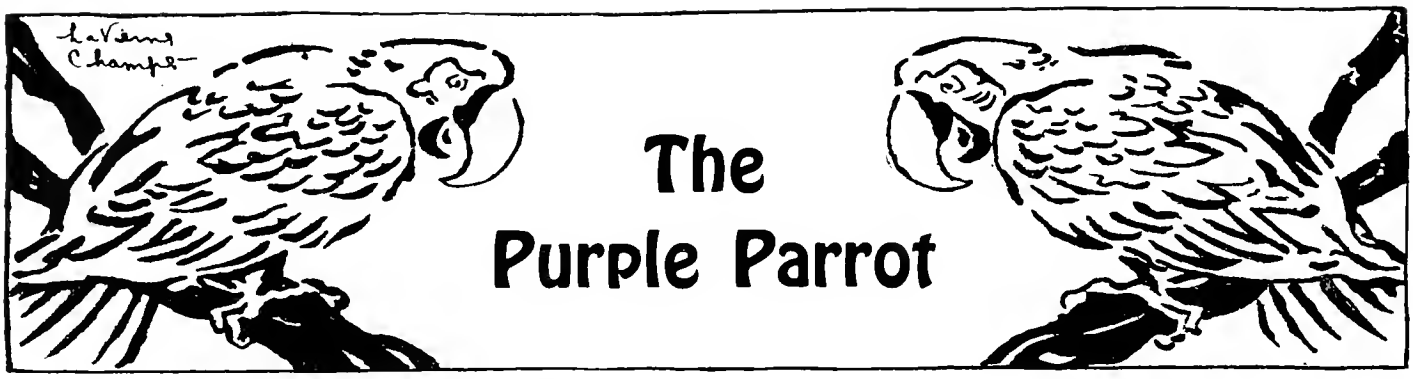
Fond Mater: "Are your manners good? How do you eat your meals?"

Flippant Frosh: "One at a time."

IT'S THE DENOUEMENT THAT COUNTS

Mom: "Did you hurt yourself when the branch broke, son?"

Tom: "No, not till I hit the ground."



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On Home Coming—

WITH this Home Coming number the PURPLE PARROT welcomes back to their ancient stamping grounds the Old Grads, the annual Home Coming crowds. It is a very real pleasure to have on the campus with us, who are yet in the undergraduate stage, those who have gone before us, and to talk over with them Northwestern as she was in times past—and as she is to be in days to come.

The Home Comers are especially welcome this year, with the renaissance which is making itself felt on the campus, in sports, in activities, and in that mysterious thing called school spirit. There has been much talk of a new era in Northwestern affairs, and now there is every indication of its arrival.

In the coming of this renaissance the alumni have played their full part, and more. Their share in building the school is greater than the average undergraduate stops to realize. It is their financial support, their interest in prospective students for their Alma Mater, and their backing of athletics which give Northwestern her rank and fame; and they are backing to the limit the plans for the Greater Northwestern to come.

As undergraduates we owe the alumni a great debt. Successive college generations have built a great school for us, and we cannot do otherwise than give to our university our best support, whether on the football field, in scholarship, debate and other activities, or in the most important thing of all, character-building.

On Humor—

There are fifty-seven varieties of humor, just as there are fifty-seven varieties of people who laugh at it. There is the broad humor that comes like a jab in the ribs, and delicately pointed humor for the fine appreciation. There is English humor full of wit, and American wit full of humor; the keen and cynical humor of continental Europe, and the wise and racy humor of the East. There is dry humor, and in this country, at least, there is "wet and dry" humor.

The college variety has a flavor all its own. It is "irrepressible, joyous, irresponsible," as one magazine puts it. Its point may be given in the argot of the undergraduate, or it may be in the most classical of English. College fun is really witty rather than humorous, with a snap and flash all its own. It shows no respect, and does not ask to be respected. The college humorist is funny purely for the fun of it. His humor is broad; it makes no pretense of being deep.

Sometimes it becomes too broad, in fact. The zestful comedian loses his sense of proportion, and confuses wit and humor with more or less unadulterated suggestiveness. He has ample precedent. Chauncey Depew, the famous wit, got seven big laughs in a three-minute speech before a mixed audience at a national political convention, solely by use of the word "damn."

POLLY says that suggestiveness is not humor, and he is running no competition with well-known smoking-car best sellers. He remarks that rancid jokes are easier to find, but cause more indigestion. As a matter of fact, the PURPLE PARROT may be safely taken back to the home town without arousing suspicion of the owner's moral turpitude—or sense of humor, either.

Many jokes of the college wits are new and original; that is why so many of them are bad. If you see an old one, remember that if it were not good it would not have survived. If you fail to see the point to a joke, bear in mind that someone has laughed at it or it would not have been in the magazine, and try some of the other fifty-six varieties.

On Education—

Experience has clearly shown that one may be well educated, in the common sense of the term, and still not be successful; while on the other hand many attain success who are poorly educated. Under some circumstances, therefore, education may mean very little.

As a matter of fact, success depends on wisdom rather than education. The mere acquiring of knowledge, which constitutes education in the usual sense of the word, is a shallow and mechanical process which is but one step towards wisdom. The other and more important factor is the ability to apply knowledge to the matter in hand. A captain in midocean with the most powerful marine engines in existence could not move a mile toward port unless the power of those engines were applied to the propeller.

However much a man may know, he must also know how to use his knowledge if he is to attain success, whatever his aim may be. Knowledge is power, as the old saying has it; but, like power, it is of value only when applied.

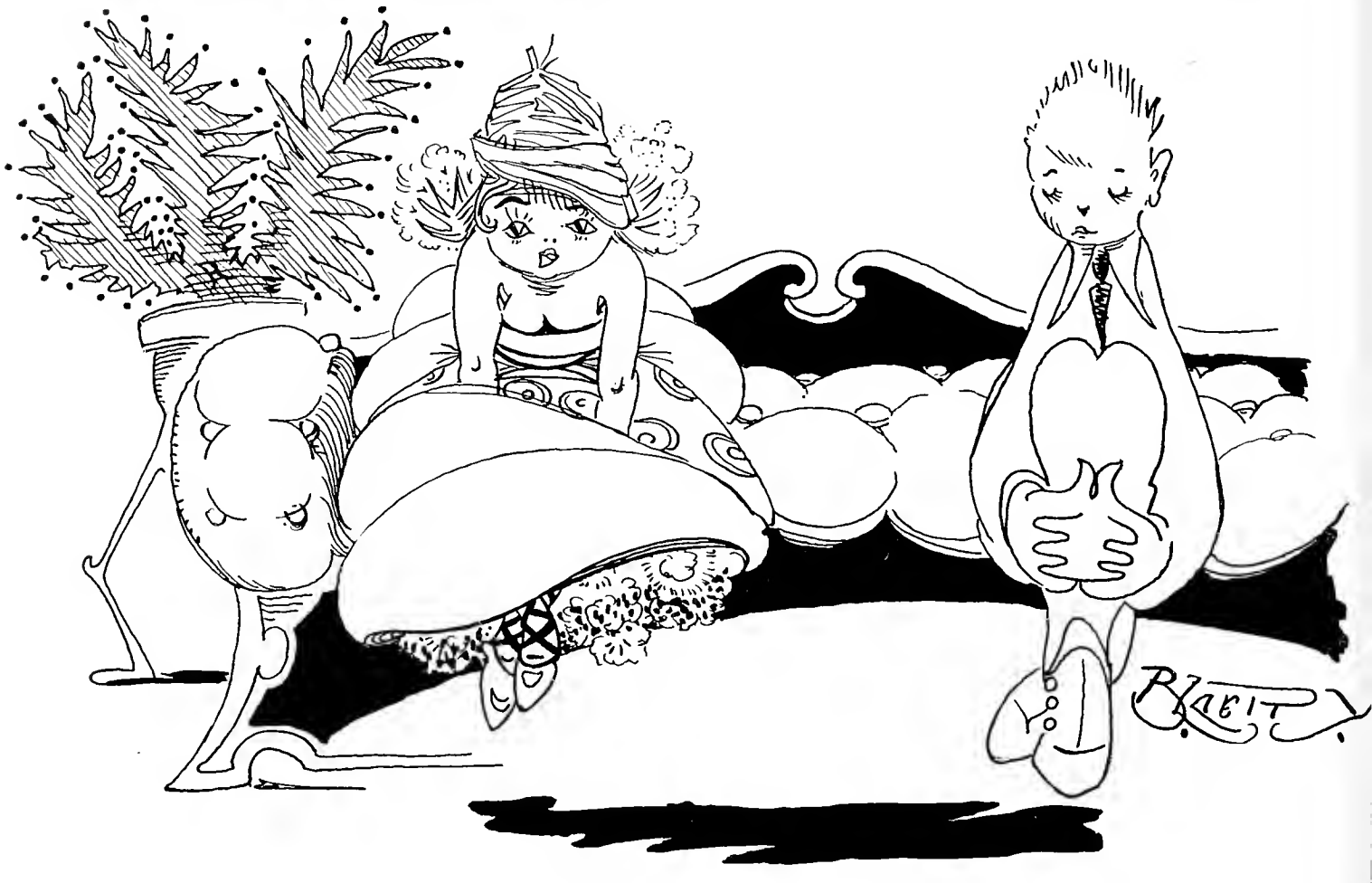
The PURPLE PARROT announces the following additions to its staff:

E. H. Shaffer as Associate Editor.

Felix Streyckmans, Jr., as a member of the Editorial Staff.

Knowles B. Hollowell, Fred Burkhart, Ernest Alexander, as members of the Business Staff.

The PURPLE PARROT also announces the Christmas Number for its next issue, to appear on the campus about December 15th. The deadline for contributions will be Monday, December 4th. Pictures, jokes, quips, verse and sketches should be addressed to the PURPLE PARROT, or left in the publication's office, University Hall 100.



Silence May Be Golden~~BUY~
YOU CAN DO IT
BETTER WITH GAS

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

Prof: "Late again, Mr. Jones."

Stude: "You said you didn't like students in your classes to watch the clock."

Guy: "Why do they blow the whistle so often at the football game?"

Guyer: "Didja notice some one is knocked out nearly every time when they do it?"

Guy: "Yeah."

Guyer: "Well, the whistle means they've saved a life."

TEN WAYS TO TELL A FROSH

1. His dumb look.
2. His wild running around.
3. The gentle way in which he sits down.
4. His dumb look.
5. His load of books under his arm.
6. His dumb look.
7. The amount of "college goods" he buys.
8. His boasting about Oshkosh Normal High.
9. His dumb look.
10. His dumb look.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

By MALCOLM R. EISELEN

I.

From east and west and north and south
The grads were coming home;
For it was glad Homecoming Day
And all roads lead to Rome.
From all the empire wide they poured,
Alumni old and new;
With Romulus the oldest grad
And Uncle Remus, too.

II.

Along the far-flung highways
For naught the traffic stops,
But pressing down the Appian Way,
O'erwhelms the traffic cops.
Forgot are cares of empire,
Forgot the cares of state,
When Pythias, '97,
Meets with Damon, '98.

III.

They strolled among fond memories,
Beneath the same old oaks,
And laughed to hear the hoary profs
Propound the same old jokes.
And then as now the grads would
Proclaim their sad lament
That since they left, the campus
Hath to the canines went.

IV.

They talk of olden classmates
And of their honors tell;
How Antony of golden tongue
Annexed the N. O. L.
Nor in the throng of heroes
Is Hercules forgot,
Who holds the conference record
For the putting of the shot.

V.

How long ere Plato taught the world
His philosophic lore,
He taught the U. H. clock to strike
Two hundred ninety-four.
How Cicero and Cataline,
To aid the cause of knowledge,
Once locked the sacred cow within
The belfry of Old College.

VI.

Then to the Coliseum
The eager thousands go,
To see the Purple meet with
The haughty southern foe.
Ah! wild the great ovation
Which rends e'en heaven's dome
When on the field comes trotting
The Purple pride of Rome.

VII.

They still retell that battle;
How neither side would yield,
Till Virgil grabbed a fumble
And wandered down the field.
And yet again the bleachers
In wild delirium go,
When three more points are added
By Horace learned toe.

VIII.

The final whistle bringeth
The porcine products home,
And victory once more attends
The haughty crests of Rome.
And in one mighty snakedance,
Which winds the city through,
Both grad and stude together link
The old days and the new.

Vodvil Pianist: "I will now play anything the audience requests!"

Voice from Gallery: "Go play a game of checkers."

THE KID'S LAST FIGHT

The huge amphitheater was crowded. Over in one corner of the ring sat "Bull" Melachrino, the champion heavyweight slugger, a towering giant, husky and confident. In the opposite corner sat "The Kid," favorite battler and titleholder of fifteen years ago. He was old and decrepit; the crowd was asking what chance he had against "Bull."

The bell sounded. A hush fell over the great crowd. There were a few seconds of wary sparring. Then, with a heavy uppercut and a right to the jaw, the Kid stood winner by a knockout. He walked to his corner and raised before the frenzied mob a box of raisins.

He had had his iron that day.

Shark: "We owe a lot to chemistry."

Snake: "Yeah, a lot of blondes."

CAUSE FOR KICK

Toad: "Were you sore?"

Frog: "Yes, hopping mad."

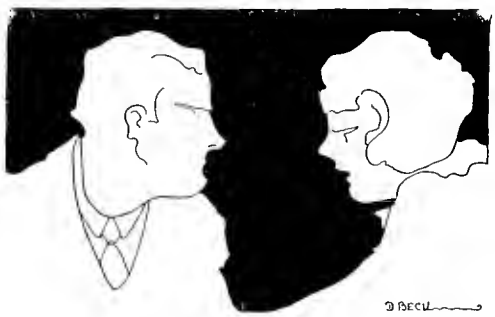
AND HAVE TO FORK OVER

The Slinker Cynic says that fish are caught with hooks, but men are caught with spoons.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN—

English Major: "If Shakespeare were alive today, wouldn't you think him a remarkable man?"

Very Minor: "Yes, he'd be three hundred years old."



Demure One: "What happened when you tried to bum your way to Illinois U wearing the banner 'Champaign or bust?' "

Languid One: "Got arrested by prohibition officers."

Flunked: "I shouldn't have been flunked. Why, I knew that course backward."

Flunker: "That's just it."

"I thought Bill was rushing a blonde."
"Oh, she dyed."

A HOME-COMING IDYLL

It was Home-coming day at the big university. Fraternity houses were decorated in gay purple; streamers and pennants blazed forth a welcoming to the old "grads." People thronged the streets to watch the ingenious, showy floats that passed by, and the university band played the college air as it marched at the head of the procession. It was a cold, bracing day, one that fairly made the blood tingle—in short, typical football weather.

In the midst of the gathering stood a man of about fifty. His hands were plunged in the deep recesses of a big great-coat; his cheeks were ruddy, and his eyes glowed with pleasure and enthusiasm. He heard the band play the "Push-on" song and his heart swelled within him. How well he remembered the days when he was a student, the days of Van Duser and Cotter, when the old team was the most feared in the Middle West. A feeling of exhilaration possessed him. Today he would renew old times. Today he would meet the younger blood and perhaps some of the old "boys" of days gone by. Today he would watch his Alma Mater rip holes in the line of the opposing team. Today —he turned to a student next to him with an exclamation on his lips.

"Gee," interrupted the youth admiringly, "isn't that girl on the I Wanna Gi float the cat's eyebrows?"

"Justifiable homicide," was the verdict of the court next morning, as they released the prisoner.

—W. S.

VERSES GRAVE—

REALITY

I lived in a dream garden,
Where there was only beauty.
Flowers of many colors fed my eyes—
Amber and scarlet and gold.
Gay-plumaged birds sang to me
From the tops of tall trees,
Swayed by wanton winds.
But there was one place in my garden
Where I must never go—
It was near the gate that led to Reality.
One day I,
Wearying of dancing with thistle-down
To the music of a waterfall,
Stole to the forbidden spot.
Looking through the gate, I saw
A crippled beggar child
Stretching hungry claws for bread.
And it was as if an angel with a flaming sword
Had thrust me forth forever from my paradise.

—F. F. T.

SKYLIGHTS

There was dusk in the sky at half past four.
The little brown sparrows chirped for the dawn,
And my neighbor's two skylights
Came out of the dark
And winked at each other
And smiled.

—H. H.

"INDIAN SUMMER"

The blue of sky is mirrored in the lake;
A soothing zephyr with caress of old
Ruffles the trees of scarlet, bronze and gold
Along the shore. Earth seems again awake.
The echo of a distant summer's day,
The last faint flicker of a dying flame
Which leaps once more, then dies, before the claim
Of Winter. Summer's warmth though fled away
Returns. Dear Lord, I make to Thee one plea:
That when at last it comes my turn to fall,—
A leaf upon this Tree of Life,—to float
Through purple twilight to eternity,
Not sere and withered shall I hear Thy call,
But gorgeous, as I drift to lands remote.

—D. S.

AT TWILIGHT

The dainty sky put on her frilled lavender gown and slipped away in the dusk to dance on the other side of the world.

The gentle hills resigned their cares and settled drowsily for the night, giving out their fragrant breath of new-mown hay.

Stars appeared in the sky to twinkle greetings to twinkling fireflies below.

A rock across the gorge softened its ugly protest at life and greeted the night in trailing robes of gray.

Then the moon came and hills and valleys, trees and great rocks rose in the mist to greet her timidly.

We sat on the porch amid it all and talked of crops and the neighbors, and Tom's old hay loader that wouldn't work.

—B. A. F.

PAINTING

Tingle and tang of bracing winds,
Red leaves falling from the trees,
Big, yellow pumpkins and incense burning,
Corn stalks waving in the breeze,—
Autumn.

—W. S.

DEAD LEAVES

Reading old letters
Is like scuffing one's feet
In dead leaves.
For dead leaves
Will whisper upon one another
Quite as though you were the wind
Passing among green boughs.

—C. R. H.

RETURN

One by one, from a restless sea
My ships are coming home to me.
Not, as I dreamed, weighed down with gold
And wealth of colored silks untold,—
Piece by piece from a weary sea
My shattered ships drift home to me.
Let them die splendidly since they must,
Rising to flame ere they sink to dust;
They were as fair as dream ships be
When first I blessed them and set them free.
There is no pain for me in their return;
Long since new dreams were born where home-fires burn.

—C. R. H.

AND VERSES GAY

THE CHARGE OF THE TIGHT BRIGADE

Half a jag, half a jag,
Half a jag onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Drank the tight hundred.
"Forward, the Tight Brigade!
Down with the hootch!" he said;
Into the volley of breath
Drank the tight hundred.

Home brew to right of them,
White mule to left of them,
Wood alcohol before them,
  Bottles were plundered.
They who had seen so well,
Let nurse and doctor tell
Who guzzled HCl,
Who lived and made brooms to sell,
All that survived of them,
  Left of a hundred.

When will their noses fade?
Oh the wild charge they paid!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the cripples made,
Honor the Tight Brigade,
  Wood-alcohol hundred!

—D. K. B.

ODE TO A COED IN THE OPPOSING STANDS

In the Modern Jazz Manner

My little fanette kiddo,
I'm your football beau.
Though I have made you widow,
You'll be glad, I know;
Though our scholastic measurements
May differ in some slight per cents,
Purdue coed though you may be,
I know full well you'll fall for me;
And in next year
When school begins,
It's here you'll cheer
For a team that wins—
So be my yelping fanette kiddo,
I'll be your he-man football beau,
    Sweet touchdown!
Your rampant football beau!

—A. P. K.

HOPELESS

Man has pierced the very heavens;
  Man has plunged beneath the seas;
Man has conquered lofty mountains;
  Man sends music on the breeze.
Man has harnessed e'en the lightnings;
All the world has felt his sway;
Man beholds his proud dominions
  Growing greater day by day.
One thing only still resists him,
  From the poles to torrid zone;
No man e'er can hope to get a
  Girl in Willard on the phone.

—M. R. E.

FREE VERSE

I was a poet.
To my love I wrote
Sonnets,
Ballades,
Triolets,
And sometimes I wrote
In Free Verse.
But in court,
When I was being sued for
Breach of Promise,
I found none of it was
Free Verse.

—C. B. K.

TO MY CIGARETTE

Your smooth white slimness,
  The bite of you, deep in me;
Your trim white straightness,
  The sight of you—can it be
  That you're my master?

Can't be without you—
  The drug of you keeps gripping;
Can't see about you
  The trick of you—I'm slipping,
  And you're my master.

—C. A. H.

TEARABLE

A ripping place is the laundry,
    If there your shirts should go;
You think their stripes are terrible,
    And the laundry proves it's so.

—C. B. K.

HOME CO

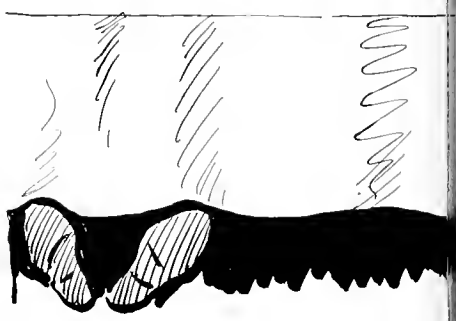
DRAWN BY I
CAPTIONS B

Member of Class of '23 is taking father, Class of '85, to the house for over Home Coming. He is thinking of poker game of night before and whether anyone thought to put away the chips. Conversation:

Father—"You look tired. Don't you stay in nights?"
Son—"That's the trouble. I stayed in too long last night."

Grad of '87 tells the boys at the house how he captained the team of '87.

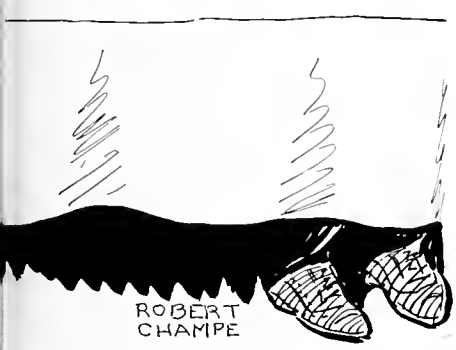
" * * * And just before the whistle blew I took the ball and made two touchdowns."



HOME COM

Brother Hypo graduated
it. The motto of the class
are afraid he will—for an

RT CHAMPE
H. SHAFFER



BANQUET

32 and has never forgotten
"Carry On," and the boys
hour.

The day is spoiled for Agnes. The folks left the new Oil Six at home and came down on the train. The chance to impress Professor Whipple is gone.

Alumnus '80 forgets his cane is not pennant at football game.

At any other time this gesture with the cane would have landed '80 in the police court. But he happened to hit a freshman, Class of '83, so it's all right.

"Gazing upon the ruins we have here," said the professor as the wrong slide was thrown on the screen, "it is impossible for me to state at the present time whether it is ancient or modern."

"A RAG, A BONE—"

Together did they stand upon the pier beside the waves, and high did Romance swell both breasts—she very thrilled, he muchly infatuated. She nestled closer; he clasped her in his arms, and turned her face upward in the moonlight that he might feast upon her beauty.

As he did so, she slipped, and the gasp that escaped her forced from their mooring her beautiful teeth, which fell with a thud upon the oaken timbers—one eye rolled violently while the other gazed serenely toward Michigan—the streaming tears carried in their course her long black lashes—beneath her brunette locks peeped strands of hand-bleached hair.

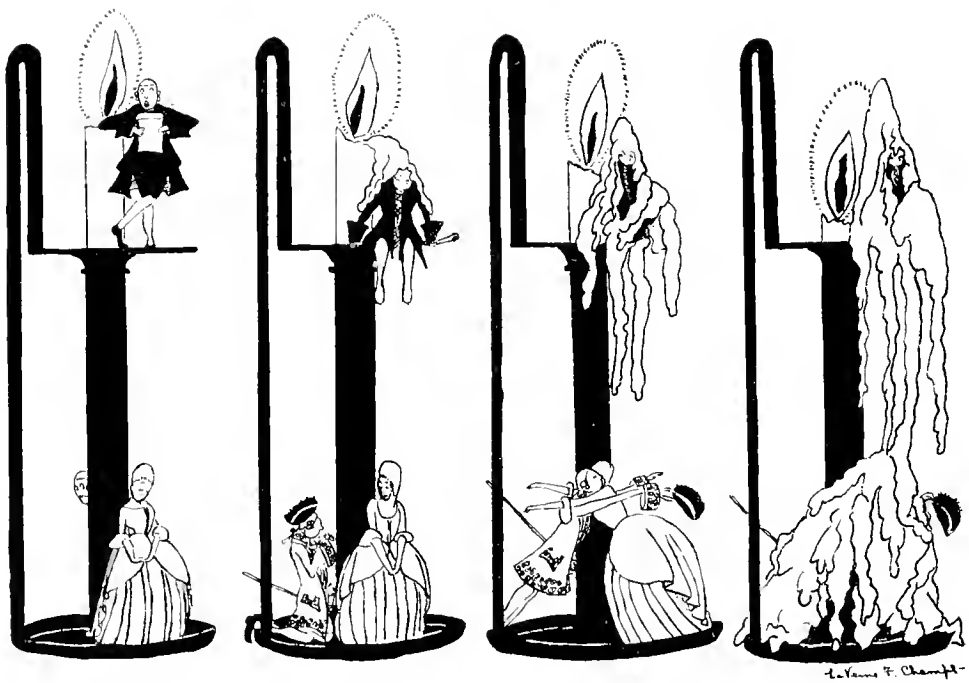
He returned pensively along the path by which they had come. The body was never recovered.

SEE?

First Stude: "How come that pledge of yours got water on the brain?"

Second Dumbell: "I suppose a notion got into his head."

"Aw, I'm only a useless bore," muttered the unsuccessful oil well.



Act I. Act II. Act III. Curtain.

With a quarterback like this and a heavy line she ought to make a fair showing in a tight squeeze.

AN OUTLINE OF HISTORY

Much has been said of late about the coming of the She-Man. We do not think he is coming, but if he does we will know he is here when—

—Valentino plays the role of Simon Legree.

—beauty parlors turn co-educational.

—street orators use scented soap boxes.

—thugs get their tin ears gold-plated.

—yeggs use beanbags for blackjacks.

—Bill Hart plays "Peter Pan."

—lumberjacks wash behind the ears with cologne.

—firemen wear celluloid collars.

SOCIOLOGY K9

Frater: "The bachelor is a gay dog."

Alumnus: "The married man is a lost pup."

GENIUS

To write a literary masterpiece when the editor is calling for print;

To write an "A" exam when your time is nearly up and the prof its watching you;

To write a perfect love note when the whole brotherhood is feelingly trying to help you—

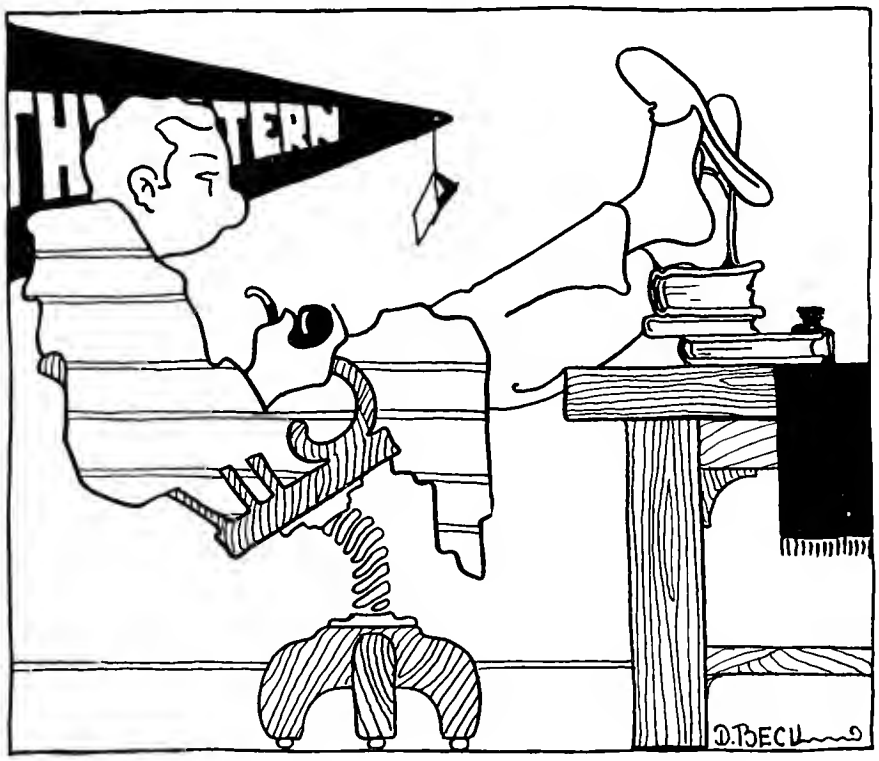
That is Genius!

Roy: "Do you believe in kissing?"

Coy: "Not so you could notice it."

1st He: "Did ja go over to the gym and see the broad jump?"

2nd He: "Naw! Who was she?"



HIS UNDERSTANDING RESTED ON BOOKS

BROODINGS OF BITTER BILL

The definition of man as an animal with power to reason is a good one—it says he has the power, not that he does reason. Take the matter of proverbs, for instance. These have been accepted at face value without question for generations, but a very little thought shows their fallacy:

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." It depends to a great extent upon the bird. A sparrow in the hand isn't worth two Golden Pheasants in the bush. Personally, the fewer birds I have in my hand the better.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." That may have been true before prohibition was supposed to have gone into effect, but now, with prescriptions as limited as they are, and the cure at six dollars a pint, the cure is worth more than the prevention.

"Better late than never." That one is really laughable. I would like to see the originator of it try to get into my eight o'clock English class after the door had been closed.

"Still waters run deep." A contradiction in terms. Still water doesn't run, and running water isn't still. Therefore still waters can't run at all, much less run deep.

"A word to the wise is sufficient." Never! A word to the wise is superfluous.

"Ignorance is bliss." If that were true, the average Frosh would be much happier.

"The watched pot never boils." Ask the coeds about the public parlors in the halls—they'll boil every time.

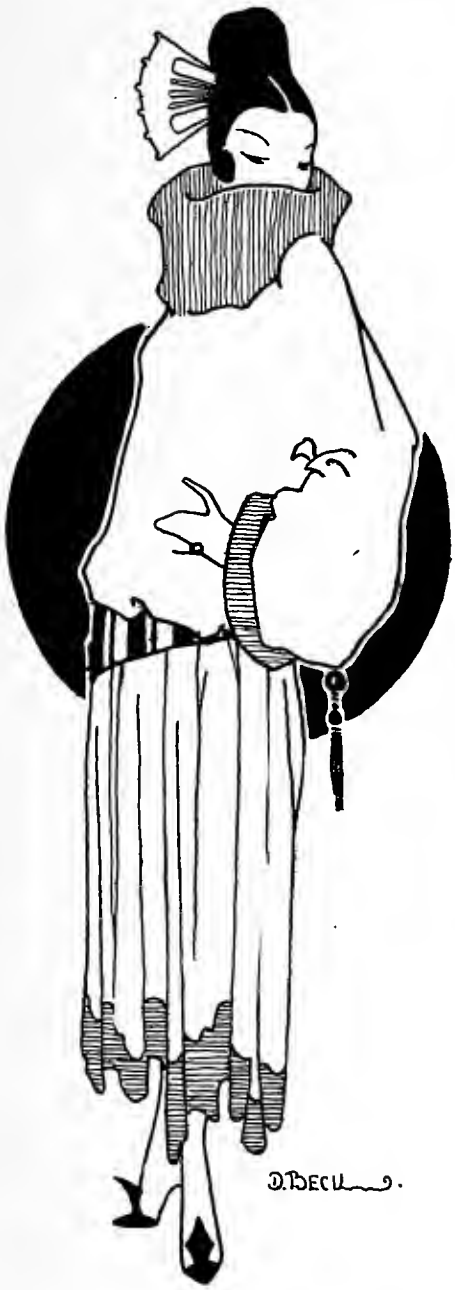
"Many hands make light work." Any fraternity freshman knows better than that, before October is half done.

"Silence is golden." This may be true sometimes, but either judge or faculty committee will tell you that silence means nothing but guilt.

F. S., Jr.

Sightseeing Guide: "We are now passing one of the oldest burlesque houses in Chicago."

Small-town Rounder: "What for?"



Once
We knew
A dame
Who
Stole
Every heart
She
Ever
Got close to.
Now
She wears
The nick-name
"Spanish Omelet"
Because
They say
She is
A
Well-seasoned
Y(egg).

—D. B.

THE ULTIMATE CONSUMER IS ALWAYS THE GOAT

Prof: "Give an illustration of the term, 'ultimate consumer.' "

Stude: "The ultimate consumer of tin plate is the goat."

GIVING THE WAITER THE BIRD

Hi (reading city menu): "Here's 'veal birds;' whatcha suppose that is?"

Si: "Young cowbirds, I reckon."

TABLOID REVIEWS

By I. Will Tellem

THE GOBLET. George Hubbart, Bone and Liverwurst.

Even as the works of Shelly are thought to have been the result of a subconscious literary tendency, so can we say with Nietzsche, "A spider that liveth on the blood of the future." Although there runs throughout the essays of Epictetus a substratum of gossamer I find that I react under similar disturbances to the psychic data of Tolstoy.

I am firm in the belief that Mr. Hubbart will again be heard from.

THE DICTIONARY. Noah Webster, Bunk and Whatnot.

"The Dictionary" is this month's best example of a really penetrating work of realism, although hindered by excessive versatility. Mr. Webster has a wonderful vocabulary and the results are what they are. Only the persistent reader will be able to wade through the somewhat disheartening array of language to the really subtle plot of "The Dictionary." Mr. Webster's first venture into the world of literature is wordy, and he has allowed his penchant for words to cloud his finer sensibilities.

PLANE TRIGONOMETRY. James Hill, Privately Printed.

To those who are interested in the life of the sines and tangents this latest contribution to biological science will be more than welcome. It will in fact be welcome. Mr. Hill has spent many years observing the habits of the sines and has, I understand, through a series of crosses produced three sines, now almost grown to full sinehood, which exhibit the distinctive characteristics which make of Plane Trigonometry a worth while reference.

—E. H. S.

Roomie: "What is a cosmetic?"

Rummie: "A cosmetic, my boy, is a peach preserver."

FEMININE FILOSOPHY

He: "Shall we go up and look at the moon?"

She: "Oh, we can see it lots better down on the beach."

"PASSING BUM CHECKS"

OFFSIDE

Or, Why Football Fussing Is Banned

(It is Home-Coming Day, and the multitude cheers as the team trots—they always trot—on the field. The whistle sounds and the game begins. Johnny, '21, and Ethel, his fiancee, are occupying seats in the middle section of the stands.)

JOHNNY: Gee! There goes the team! They're light, but they're fast. *(Shouts to fraternity brother.)* Plow right through 'em, Jackson! *(Jackson is thrown for a loss.)*

ETHEL *(admiringly)*: My, aren't those fellows on the opposing team grand! They look so sheiky in their football suits.

JOHNNY *(grunting disgustedly)*: Big hods, all of 'em. All they've got's beef, and you can buy that in a store.

ETHEL *(composedly)*: You're just jealous, that's all.

(Team makes big gain.)

JOHNNY: That's the stuff! That's the stuff! Attaboy, Jackson!

ETHEL *(powdering nose)*: I think I need some powder.

(Johnny looks at her angrily. Opposing end intercepts forward pass; groans from the stands.)

JOHNNY *(tearfully)*: Terrible, terrible! And we almost had a touchdown!

ETHEL *(excitedly)*: Oh, it was that tall, broad-shouldered fellow that made that run! Isn't he grand?

JOHNNY *(feelingly)*: I hope he chokes.

(Opposing team's punt is blocked and Jackson scoops up ball and runs eighty yards for a touchdown. Students rise in stands and do ten-minute war whoop.)

JOHNNY: Yea-a-a-a! Great, oh, great! Attaboy, Jackson! Attaboy, team! That's showing 'em, I guess. Yea-a-a! *(Crowd gives nine rahs for Jackson.)* Oh, boy! *(Proudly.)* That fellow Jackson is the greatest player the Purple ever had.

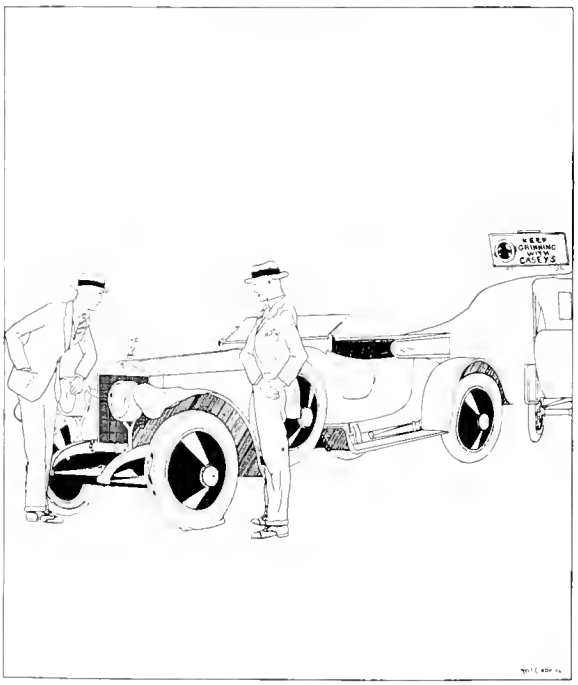
ETHEL *(shrugging her shoulders)*: He's got bow legs.

(Game continues; neither side scores, and home team wins by Jackson's touchdown. Students sing college song before departing. Johnny helps Ethel with her coat.)

JOHNNY *(with a rapturous sigh)*: Whatta game, whatta game! I wouldn't have missed it for a fortune!

ETHEL: My feet are cold.

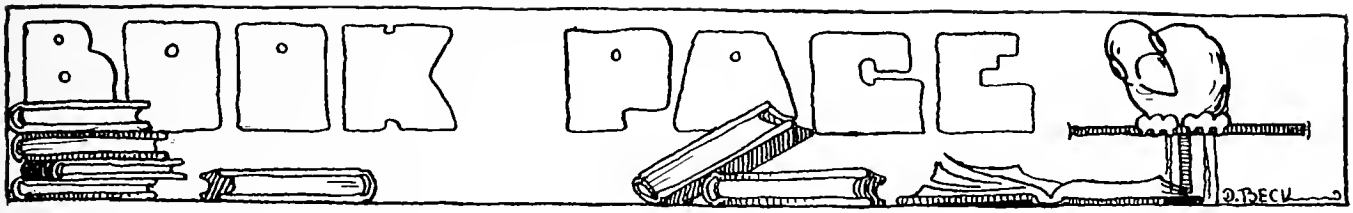
(Quick curtain.) —W. S.



Proud Owner of Lizzy: "Will fifty fix it?"

Bumpee: "NO!"

P. O. of Lizzy: "How about trading cars, then?"



BABBITT

By Sinclair Lewis. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., Publishers.)

"Delightful" is the adjective most applicable to "Babbitt," the latest work of Sinclair Lewis, which bids fair to duplicate the remarkable success of "Main Street." It is a brilliant satire on the modern American business man, his manners, his methods, his friends, his home-life, his environment. At times it is flagrant caricature.

George F. Babbitt is not a real-estate man, he is a "realtor." To serve as an introduction, Mr. Lewis spends one hundred and two pages describing one day in Babbitt's life. His life is too conventional and meaningless to satisfy him,—Babbitt finally stages a revolt and has his fling, but environment and force of circumstances relentlessly drag him back to the old monotonous life of respectable and vociferous good-fellowship. The plot serves only as a medium for Mr. Lewis to ridicule the typical business man and his "hustling" city,—his Boosters Club and his state conventions. But Mr. Lewis does this with accuracy both human and realistic, with with that is humorous, mordant, and even vitriolic, and with a surprising lack of sympathy for his subject, so universally recognizable. After all, however, such causticity should not offend, because it really is so true. And, also, the character of Babbitt is probably not entirely plausible as a general personification of a modern American business man.

—D. S.

REMY DE GOURMONT

A Virgin Heart: a Physical Novel. (N. L. Brown.) Translated by Aldous Huxley.

Remy de Gourmont was the Oscar Wilde of the French language, the leader of the decadent or Symbolist group. He was born in 1858, and his untimely death in 1915 cut short the most promising nova in the French field of literary lights. He was a journalist, associated with the Mercure de France, but he was an artist in spite of this fact, and remained unsullied and undefiled by the vulgarities of his profession.

The story is of love, naturally. But it is the love of a very dumb, surprisingly dumb, girl, and a surprisingly clever and experienced man. The dumbest girl is one jump ahead of the cleverest man and the conclusion is inevitable. But before you reach that conclusion De Gourmont will take you through several byways and detours which most novelists avoid, and which will make you hold your breath while turning the page.

—L. H.

Very Woman: a Cerebral Novel. (N. L. Brown.) Translated by J. L. Barrets.

This novel is only for those who flatter themselves that they can think. If you don't enjoy simple, logical thought, don't essay this book. If you enjoy perverseness and obstreperousness to the last degree, you will have the time of your life in its pages. The man is convincing. He is logical.

Can you imagine contradicting a person who quotes with equal familiarity and accuracy Saint Paul, Walt Whitman, Goethe, Christ, Kant, Descartes, Liebnitz, Tennyson, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Edgar Allen Poe, Spinoza, Saint Augustine, Flaubert, Ecclesiastes or Sadi? He will confound you with Greek, Hebrew, Hindu, Latin, English, Persian, or what you will.

The heroine, a Parisian widow whose first love was a tragedy, is fascinated by an aristocratic dilettante, typifying pure intellect. Although devoured by passion, he is too intellectual, too hesitant, to take her by storm, as she desires. She retreats, to fall before the advances of a naive Russian, typifying natural, virile man.

There's a plot for you! De Gourmont's brain is like a fly's eye—he sees it all and each time differently. You have never read a book like it, and you will probaly never see another like it.

—L. H.

"The Box of God," a second volume of poems of nature and of the American Indian from the pen of Lew Sarett, appears this month, too late for an extended review here. Suffice it to say that this book surpasses "Many, Many Moons."

THE POLIOPOLIS ALUMNI CLUB HEARS HOME COMING BY RADIO

Scene I—Afternoon of Home-Coming Day.

Bz-z-pp—"PXP calling—Northwestern Home-Coming game—Home-Coming parade now on" (strains of band music whose familiar sound brings tears to the eyes of the older grads)—Voice of cheerleader followed by "Rah—Rah—Bz-z-zzp—U—zing—Rah." Silence. More silence. "WJB calling. The idea that man is descended from the monkey—" More silence. Long wait.

"—win that game!" Voice of announcer: "Blixvitz kicked off to"—zing—loud cheering—"Purdue's two-yard line. On the next play"—zowie, biff, bing. Silence. "End of the first half, Northwestern 14, Purdue 3. Freshman-sophomore scrap now on. Scores: Yale—" Score drowned by cheering for pogoers. Silence. Crash—bang—zing! "Freshmen win pogo race after removing springs from sophomore sticks. Sophomores win paint scrap by two quarts."

"Second half. Palmer on a forward to Herman made — Yea-a, Northwestern! — Paterson kicked—Rah, U North-wes-tern! Rahyaw, click, zing, punch him, kill 'em, touchdown—Final score Northwestern twen—Go U Northwestern, etc." —Crash— "End of the program."

Scene II—Same Evening.

Bing—g'zipp—pop! "Station PXP will broadcast Northwestern University Alumni Banquet." Silence. "Fellow alumni, as president of this"—"Have another olive, Brother Becker"—"I wish to introduce"—"My dear friends"—Loud swish of soup drowns speaker. "Have some celery, Wallie"—"Another knife here, please"—clapping of hands. Silence. More clapping of hands. —"Northwestern, yea-a-a!"—scraping of chairs —"This concludes the evening program."

—H. K. K.

THE COLLEGE MAN'S SCHEDULE

As Seen in the Movies.

A. M.

10:30 Arises for class (no eight o'clocks in the movies).
10:35 Valet prepares hot bath.
11:00 Valet serves breakfast to student sitting at private table, with huge pipe in his mouth.
11:35 Limousine drives up to door; footman alights, running up to student and handing him package of letters.
11:40 Arrives at class, where small, bespectacled professor makes a sweeping bow as Our Hero enters.
11:50 Student passes time by telling jokes to neighbors, meanwhile keeping huge pipe in mouth.
12:00 Class over, student walks to car, surrounded by eight or nine beautiful girls and a dozen or so husky football players in uniform who address one another as "Old Man." Every man smoking a three-pint pipe with large school letter on bowl.

P. M.

1:00 Eats lunch at some cabaret.
3:00 Attends musical comedy.
5:00 Prepares for dinner, which comes at 6:00.
7:00 President of university drops in, seeking advice on how to handle campus affairs.
9:00 Attends another musical comedy.
12:00 Begins wild carousal with a pair of chorus girls, carried home at 3:00 a. m.
Repeat ad lib.

—H. K. K.

THEY ALL DO IT

He was Young and Inexperienced and Very much a Frosh. Ah, deadly Circumstance! He was Also an Expert Toe Dancer. In fact He was rarely able to Dance without getting on Someone's Toe and this Habit got Him into Trouble. He was Also very Dumb and So was not Able to Get Out of Trouble that He got In.

When This story opens He was doin' some of His Toe dancing. She asked Him Where did He get That Stuff and He told Her "From the Family Bootlegger;" But that Seemed to Be the Wrong answer, for Her snappy Cumbak was to the Effect that He was Off his Beat but He said that No He wasn't a Policeman. This didn't Faze the Coed and so She was Able to Respond in Kind and Tell Him to Step On it and when He did She Screamed for it Was her pet Corn that He stepped on. After the Shouting had Died Away and the Poor Boy had been Collected, He said That He was Sorry and She said, "That's a good Line," and He told Her he Wasn't Talking about Steamships.

Well, at Last He managed to Do enough things Right to Get Him and Her out of the Building and He asked Her Did She want To Surround some Pastry et cet. and She said No Never mind and he Said that He was Glad To see That She was A Sensible Girl and Didn't want to Guzzle the Indigestible Things they Serve You Nowadays—

Which didn't put Him in None too Good with Her. Also when They got To Her Home He asked Might He have a Kiss and She Said no and He Declared That was the Best Way To look at It For A few Months. This Made Her pull The Classic expression, Spoke first By Noah to The Fishworm As he Opened the Door of the Ark on Mt. Ararat, "That Lets You Out." The Killing thing About it Was The Look she Gave Him.

Interment in Calvary cemetery.—V. C. K.

THE FROSH-SOPH POGO CONTEST

By HOOIE BULLERTON

On November 11, the first year students, or freshmen as they are known, will compete with the worldwise sophs, or post graduates as they think they should be known, in a pogo contest. Now a pogo contest is a hard thing to dope, as the sticks can be used for various purposes. One is to jump by means of them, and the other is to swing the sticks in the direction of the opponent's head, which thus serves the wielder of the stick as a croquet ball. The frosh undoubtedly have the thicker heads, and although this will play a great part in this contest, the matter of hair-cuts will also enter in a vital spot. A twenty-five cent hair-cut on a 50% bone head will set off a sixty-five cent hair-cut on a 80% block head. Hats will also enter in the final outcome of this bitter struggle. The well padded frosh cap will furnish excellent protection against the spiked end of a pogo stick.

To fully decide the winner in this contest, one must also judge the caliber of the referees, who will be upper-classmen. Now the upper-classmen always take the part of the suffering freshmen and are loath to see them the underdogs. Therefore, if the frosh seem to be losing the race, a well placed, over-fertile egg, may come to the freshmen's aid by striking him halfway between the fifty yard line and the home plate, and spurring him on to greater efforts.

From the above dope it is evident the frosh will be the victors in the Evanston Hospital, while I look for the Sophs to win out at the university infirmary. —H. K. K.

FOR THAT BORED FEELING

A great many fraternity freshmen are going to complain of feeling board during the next few months.

COISES

Villain (laughing): "Ha, ha. You are helpless, the old homestead belongs to me."

Hero: "And, where are the papers?"

Villain: "At the blacksmith's."

Hero: "You are having them forged."

Villain: "Nay nay. I am having them filed." —Tiger.

MIGHT BUY SOME

Junk dealer: "Any old clothes?"

Student: "Naw. Got plenty of them."

—Phoenix.

Paulette: "You say Jack is leading a double life—how fascinating."

Paul: "Yes, he can get his name in the telephone directory twice."—Phoenix.

Ben Zine: "I know a good joke about crude oil."

Carry Seen: "Spring it!"

Ben Zine: "It's not refined."—Brown Jug.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE

Country newspapers have a bad habit of getting their type mixed. For instance, the society column of a southern sheet began a story like this:

"Miss Cecilia Templeton, niece of the mayor, arrived last week to spend the summer with her distinguished relatives here."

Unfortunately, a story of the arrival of a ship in the harbor got thrown in with the society type. It continued:

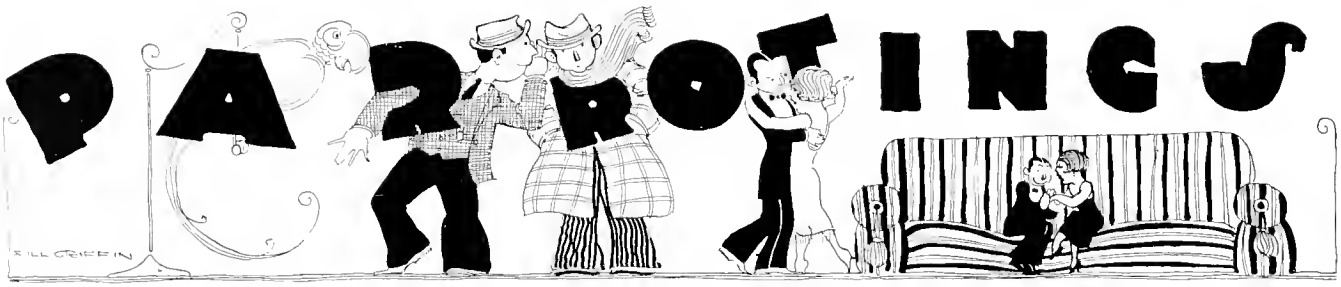
"While here, she will go into dry-dock, have her apparatus investigated, her side painted, and gone over from stem to stern."

The editor lived.—Whirlwind.

When a girl winks at the wrong man, by mistake, she passes it off easily. When a man winks at the wrong girl he just naturally passes out. —Malteaser.

ETERNAL TRIANGLE

Fablegram: 'Tis said that a mouse is afraid of a man, a man is afraid of a woman and a woman is afraid of a mouse. Moral: Three is a crowd. —Whirlwind.



BOY! PAGE MR. CONFUCIUS

She: "I just love 'Gunga Din.'"

He: "Yes, and Chow Mein and Chop Suey; I think they're glorious."—Burr.

Phi Alpha Tau: "Remember, you handle a lotta money in this play—you must act as if you were used to it."

Pledge: "Lend me a coupla bucks to practice with."—Whirlwind.

Tardy to work and early to quit,
Brings a man nothing but orders to git.

—Sun Dial.

Laura, Queen of the Cannibals, had just finished the last juicy morsel of the poet.

"Your Royal Highness, what epitaph shall we place over his bones?"

The Queen pondered deeply for a moment; then a roguish smile played around the corners of her mouth.

"Why not simply say, 'Here lies the poet Laureate?'"—Gargoyle.

Stude: "See this chalk on my shoulder?"

Roommate: "Yeh."

Stude: "Well, that ain't chalk."—Jester.

A brain is no stronger than its weakest think.—Judge.

"That's a pretty dress you have on, Helen."

"Yes, it's the latest thing out."

"Yes, I noticed it was out until two o'clock last night."—Whirlwind.

There was a hefty boid
Who came from Toity-toid,
A goil had he
Who flung, did she,
A wicked adenoid. —Showme.

"He was driven to his grave."

"Sure he was. Did you expect him to walk?"—Lord Jeff.

SIMILE

Jasper: "Helen, what's the difference between me and a feather bed?"

Coed: "I couldn't say, Jasper, what is it?"

Jasper: "Well, you see it's like this. A feather bed is soft down and I'm hard up."—Whirlwind.

Father: "I've told you time and again not to see that young man, and now for the last time I tell you not to have anything to do with him."

She (sobbing): "Oh father, I want Jack, I do want Jack."

Father: "All right. Here's a hundred dollars, but remember what I said."—Whirlwind.

IT'S DIFFERENT IN SHORTHAND

Stenographer: "Hodja spell 'sence?'"

Employer: "Dollars and cents, or horse sense?"

Stenographer: "Well, like in 'I ain't seen him sence.'"—Wag Jag.

Ikey was teaching his four-year-old offspring the traditional lesson of thrift.

"Now, Abey," he said, "vat is two times two?"

"Six, mine fadder."

"Oy mine Got, Abey, vill you never learn? Two times two is four, always."

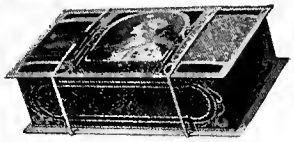
"But, mine goodness, fadder, what for are you in business? Couldn't you jew me down two?"—Whirlwind.

No. 3109864

I was at a school once—
A very fine one.
But the guard on the wall of it
Carried a gun.
That was to keep town-boys
From coming in to play.
Don't know why I did it
But I ran away.
They showed me a big time, though,
When they brought me back again—
They gave me a huge ball,
A foot ball—and chain!

—Whirlwind.

Six Answers to Six Tastes



LUXURY

Salmagundi. Bear in mind the name when you select chocolates to please a luxurious taste. It has a wide variety including some new and most attractive chocolates. In an art metal tin box worthy of the contents.

Whitman's
SALMAGUNDI
CHOCOLATES

VARIETY

Everybody's taste has approved the *Sampler* and chosen it as America's foremost candy. It contains selections from ten favorite Whitman's packages which can also be purchased separately. It appeals to the taste for quaint, dainty things.

Whitman's
SAMPLER

SURPRISE

A taste for mystery, romance, treasure trove—the element of surprise and the pleasure of new flavors—all are answered in the picturesque Pleasure Island Box of Whitman's. Have you explored its bullion bags?

Whitman's
PLEASURE ISLAND
CHOCOLATES

EXCELLENCE

Super Extra. A name that harks back to 1842 and the original Whitman's Chocolates that are still the standard. The assortment is one that has been selected with great care, changing slowly with the public taste during the eighty years its popularity has endured. It answers the average cultivated taste for sweets.

Whitman's
SUPER EXTRA
CHOCOLATES

ODDITY

This book-shaped box bound in green and gold has a list of contents inside the cover differing from any other package It has proved an assortment perfectly selected for many tastes. The Library Package is an appropriate gift for many folks and many occasions.

Whitman's
LIBRARY
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RICHNESS

There's a distinct appeal in whole nut meats thickly coated with Whitman's famous chocolate. Those who like walnuts, pecans, filberts, almonds and all the favorite nut meats, at their best, declare this package to be their favorite.

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For
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BRING ON MORE PADDLES

A chap who won't stand on his ft.
Is a lazy young freshman named Pt.
But he's pledged to a frat
And you now will find that
He never will sit on a st.

—Whirlwind.

IF

If you can keep your girl when all about you
Are wanting and keep calling her for a date;
If you can keep her wondering, hoping, fearing,
Yet happy even though she has to wait;
If you can flirt with other girls, yet not too often,
And being caught—can pass it off as fun;
If you can all this, yet keep your virtue,
You'll surely be a ladies' man, my son.

—Malteaser.

CONCRETE

Wind-Jamming Prof: "You can't see time; no one ever saw it. You can't hear it, you can't touch it—

Stude: "You're killing it though."—Burr.

REVISED PROVERBS

Spend and the world goes with you.
Save and you walk alone.—Sun Dial.

He: "Dearest, you look good enough to eat."
She: "I do? Where shall we go?"—Whirlwind.

NO OFFENSE

Paul: "At the party I thought your costume was ripping."

Pauline: "Well, if you were a gentleman, you would have told me so."—Cornell Widow.

VISION

Nurse: "Well, it's a girl."

Father (with keen foresight): "And I just sold the porch swing this morning."—Whirlwind.

Tom: "Harry ate something that poisoned him.

Dick: "Croquette?"

Tom: "Not yet; but he's very ill."—Scalper.

GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

SPIES BROS.

Fraternity Jewelry
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See Our New Onyx Rings With Raised Crests

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N

HOME MADE
Candies, Ice Cream, Lunches

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REALLY, A HOT PARTY

"I had a hot scene with the boss this morning," said the office boy as he got home.

"Well, what happened?" asked his father.

"Why, we got into a heated argument about my work, then he started to blaze away, and he ended up by firing me."—Sun Dial.

William is an artist true,
A fiddler who never begs,
For in his hands there is a bow,
And another between his legs.
—Whirlwind.

He: "A man's boot marks on the roadway are called footprints, aren't they?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Well, what would you call the marks of a motor car?"

She: "Oh, autographs, of course."—Pitt.

OBSERVING—WHAT?

First Officer: "Did you get that fellow's number?"

Second Officer: "No, he was goin' too fast."

First Officer: "Say, that was a fine-looking dame in the car."

Second Officer: "Wasn't she?"—Whirlwind.

THE REMEDY

Baggs: "I'm worried. My girl is running around with that new doctor in town."

Jaggs: "Feed her an apple a day."—Phoenix.

TOO PARTICULAR

"Son," said the father, "why don't you quit running around with these flirts and flappers and start going with some particular girl?"

"That's just the trouble, dad, there's none of them particular these days."—Whirlwind.

Speaker: "Do you know that the time is coming when women will receive men's wages?"

Melancholy voice from the rear of the house: "Yes, Saturday night."—Whirlwind.

PURPLE INN CAFE
The Place to Eat
813 DAVIS STREET

To the Man in College:

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Northwestern Alumni

in Evanston for

HOME COMING DAY

10:45 A. M. MORNING WORSHIP 6:00 P. M. CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

HUGH ELMER BROWN, MINISTER

Don't Leave Evanston

without visiting the great Fourteenth Century Abbey

Saint Luke's Church

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The Lady-Chapel on the corner, said to be the finest chapel in the middle west.

The Battle-Cloister and Garth.

The Church with great organ recently installed.

The Parish House with its many halls, including a little theatre.

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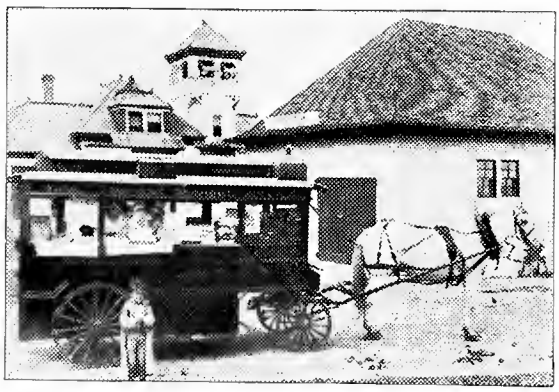

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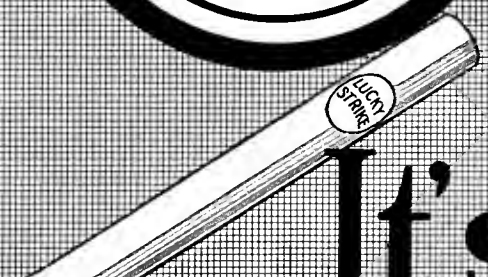

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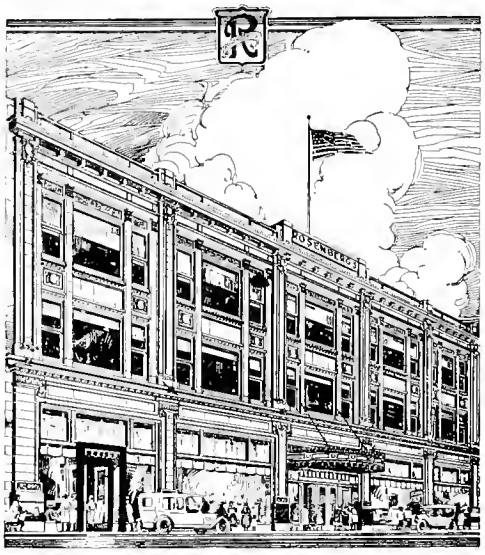

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Northwestern

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